

Woman's Page

Dorothy Dix Talks

PAYING THE PRICE

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

One of the greatest obstacles to human happiness consists in our unwillingness to recognize the fact that everything in this world has a price tag on it and that we must pay cash over the counter for everything we get.

Something for something. Nothing for nothing. Pinchback cheap. Fine gold, high. It is the immutable law of nature that never changes.

Can Not Escape Common Fate. We admit the truth of this so far as other people are concerned, but when it comes to ourselves we cherish the fallacious hope that we shall escape the common fate. We think that, somehow, we are going to be able to craft our way through life, that some miracle will happen to us so that we will get the sweet without the bitter, and gather where we have not sown, and reap where we have not planted.

It is a fool's dream. It never happened. For value received we pay, pay, pay. And this is true equally of spiritual and material things.

Do you want love? You must pay for it with your heart's blood. You must pay for it with a nail on each finger, with a million anxieties, with a million fears. And after you have bought love you must keep on paying for it by cherishing it, and protecting it, and nursing and fostering it, and preferring it before yourself.

Pay Your Debt. The people who never have love are those who are too stingy and selfish to buy it. They are too self-centered and egoistic to pay the price that love demands. Those who lose love are those who are too tired of continually paying in little bits, and little considerations, in little kisses and caresses, on a debt that is never paid in full this side of the grave.

And those who refuse to buy love because it lays upon one burdens and calls for self-sacrifice, they also pay for what they get. They escape the agony that tears at one's heart strings when a beloved one stands in the shadow of death. They escape the slavery of toiling for a family whose needs suck up a man's income as a sponge does water.

Old Age Desolate Without Love. But, they may avoid loneliness in the silence of rooms in which no woman's laugh is ever heard, or where there comes the patter of little feet. They pay in a desolate old age, barren of interest and lacking all humanities.

Do you wish health? You must pay for it with abstinence, with self-control, with intelligent care of the body and by doing a thousand things you don't want to do, and doing without a thousand things you greatly desire to do. Sometimes nature runs a long health credit account with a man or woman, but in the end she balances her accounts, and for every broken law of hygiene the offender must pay with compound interest.

Young Men Must Pay. The young man who drinks too much, the young man who burns the

FASHIONS AT THE CAPITAL

Interesting Display of New Spring Attire on the Avenue

By MARGARET WADE. WASHINGTON, D. C.—With the forsythia in bloom in the parks and crocuses appearing in the few remaining terraces along Connecticut avenue, Washington knows that spring has come, even though the Easter season is unmarked by the distinctive entertainments of former years, when breakfast companies of 200 guests were the usual introduction to a short smart season.

In recent years, yesterday's church parade on Connecticut avenue was interesting from the personality of the worshippers of the various fashionable churches adjacent to this famous thoroughfare, but not for spring millinery. For in Washington, as in New York, Easter has lost its sartorial significance for the socially elect, who wear their hats before or after the once important date, and leave the fashion show for the holiday makers who ordinarily reside and promenade in other localities.

Mrs. Wilson, for instance, who has relinquished her pew in St. Margaret's away out on Connecticut avenue, to occupy a pew at St. John's, just across the park from the White House, has for weeks been wearing a modish black straw hat trimmed in quills, with a smartly tailored cloth suit, in which she will probably attend an early morning service according to her custom.

Mrs. White, wife of the chief justice of the United States, a woman of large private fortune as well as distinguished family connection, is another prominent woman who avoids the usual Easter display. Mrs. White, in returning the calls of Mrs. E. T. Meredith and Mrs. Joshua Alexander, on their last reception day, wore a tailored suit of London smoke, in one of the finest serges, with a self-colored hat trimmed in several ostrich plumes of the same neutral tone, which she proposes wearing all through April, thus setting an example of conservative dressing not surpassed by Mrs. Wilson herself.

Miss Nancy Lane, daughter of the former secretary of the interior, who is to be married to Philip C. Kaufmann of this city April 20, will have a most unique wedding gown, inasmuch as the material will be that used by both her mother and her grandmother for a similar important occasion. This is a white brocade satin, which was extremely fashionable fifty years ago, to which will be added a modern court train of plain satin in the same rich mellow tone that time has given the brocade. Another feature will be two flounces of rare point, which were a part of the wedding gown of the bridegroom's youthful-looking mother, Mrs. Victor Kaufmann, who was before her marriage Miss Jessie Christopher.

Although no longer eligible to the title of a cabinet bride, Miss Lane made her debut in that circle less than three months ago, and may be said to have begun her social career in the White House itself, by serving as a small bridesmaid to Miss Eleanor Wilson when she married the then secretary of the treasury, Mr. McAdoo, Miss Sallie McAdoo, the daughter of the bridegroom, sharing the honor of this service.

Miss Lane's wedding will take place in St. John's church, Lafayette square, where Mr. and Mrs. Lane have been pew-holders throughout his official life. There will be six bridal attendants.

Another fashionable wedding of great social interest to take place in St. John's on April 24 will be that of Miss Elizabeth Lee Grinnell and Commander Henry Livermore Abbott, U. S. N.

In the matter of evening gowns there is no season, except that the heavier brocades and velvets give place to satin, net and various lightweight materials of equal beauty.

The vogue of the black gown finds new and very elegant expression in lace, as worn by Madame Hague, widow of the former minister to Norway. This is of thread lace, one of the choicest of French patterns, made with draped skirt, very short and narrow as regards the round skirt, and with the addition of a narrow moiré train. The bodice is simple, with deep V front and back, also sleeveless.

Mrs. Montgomery Blair is wearing one of the handsomest black gowns, in the new jetted net, which shows the long apron over dress in beads, buttons and sequins, all worked into a formal design, graceful as the most delicate embroidery. The bodice, which has the new straight neck line, is of sequins, opening Eton fashion over the soft girle of jet, held at the left side by a cluster of apple green ostrich.

Mrs. Breckenridge Long, the only survivor so far, of that band of young matrons who added great charm to the social side of the state department in the early days of its administration, is wearing a spring-like dinner gown of orchid satin, in draped lines of moment, with an embellishment of silver spangles applied in delicate but very effective motifs to skirt and bodice.

Mrs. Ross Todd of Louisville wore as one of her most becoming dinner gowns during her recent visit to her sister-in-law, Mme. Hague, a draped gown of orchid satin, with narrow train falling from the waist. An embellishment of sequin embroidery about the low-necked sleeveless bodice was emphasized by the bandeau of blue satin studded in diamonds.

Mrs. Charles S. Brownell, one of Washington's best gowned women, has accepted a short skirt as Paris knows it, as seen in a new gown of black tulle, with its skirt covered in graduated flounces of chiffon. The top is an Eton jacket, also as Paris knows it, opening over another superlatively smart garment that might be called an under bodice, blouse or waistcoat, with its front entirely of Valenciennes lace. A small silver turban tops this.

Another smart costume Mrs. Brownell is wearing for formal luncheons and visiting is black satin, short, straight, overhung in black silk fringe from the shoulder to hem. This has black tulle sleeves of chiffon, from which fall tassels of the silk fringe. With this Mrs. Brownell wears a small black straw hat, having its crown of bright green ostrich.

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In preachers' homes where preachers' wives have patched and darned and wetted their work with their tears, life will be happier and better. [80% of the preachers now are paid less than \$20 a week.]

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It will not put two Churches where only one should be. The Movement means thirty denominations pledged to prevent duplication and waste.

It will not be spent in useless overhead. At least a million dollars will be saved by the merging of thirty campaigns into one united effort.

Your life will be at work in every land

Whether you are a Church member, or whether you merely contribute, you will put your life to work—through the Church—in every corner of the World. And long after your life is over its influence will survive and serve.

These are the terms in which to think of the Church

We have thought too long about it in terms of little things. Let us get a picture this month of its world-wide sweep. Let us stop thinking of ourselves as givers of pennies.

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United Financial Campaign April 25th-May 2nd.

The INTERCHURCH World Movement

The publication of this advertisement is made possible through the cooperation of thirty denominations.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

A DOLL WIFE.

As John came toward the bed I closed my eyes.

I did not want to talk to him then. Some way it seemed as if I never wanted to talk to him again.

When I am away from John's personality, when I do not feel his presence, his touch, I am almost afraid I do not like him. I am almost afraid I do not like his personality, his caresses, his jealousy of Karl Shepard, his making me almost dislike him.

I never could understand why any woman should wish to make the man she loves jealous of her. It has always seemed to me that a man cheapens a woman when she becomes jealous of her, and certainly a woman never wants to become cheap in the eyes of the man she loves.

The man who loves me truly must trust me absolutely. I should hate to think, in fact, I do hate to think that my husband has such a distrustful mind. I can't imagine that John would think I would under any circumstances be anything but true to him.

He Would Have Understood. If John had only read Karl's letter he would have understood the whole matter, but now he never will. He will always think that there was something in it that Karl Shepard should not have written to another man's wife. I can't understand why John should be jealous of me. I am not in the slightest degree jealous of him and Elizabeth Moreland and yet I am quite sure there is not one of our friends that does not pity me more or less because of my husband's friendship with her.

Whenever I have felt any doubt of John because of her, I have remembered that he has known Elizabeth all his life. He could have married her any time that he wished. Yet he chose me after our three weeks of whirlwind courtship.

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I could not feel John's gaze upon me as I lay there with my eyes closed. He was perfectly unconscious, of his scrutiny. He bent down and his face came closer and closer to mine. Finally I felt his lips brush my forehead and as he straightened up, I heard him sigh involuntarily.

Like a Tired Child.

"She looks like a little tired child," I heard him say to Alice. "I never would have dreamed she had grown so thin had I not lifted her out of the carriage and up the stairs this morning. I hate to go home and leave her here. She should be where I could look after her."

"That's just what has worn Katherine to a shadow," said Alice. "You have looked after her too closely. You have not allowed her to say her soul was her own. Katherine is a high spirited girl, all her life she has had the independence of an only child, and if you had been gentle and tender you could have done anything with her, as it is, I am not sure but it is too late. If your happiness is forever shattered, you have only yourself to blame, John."

"Good heavens, girl; what are you talking about? One would think that I were a brute. I have only tried to keep all the little troubles and annoyances of every day life away from her. I don't want my wife to be bothered with anything."

Doll Type of Woman.

"Yes, I know, John. You typify one kind of man exactly. You don't want a wife, a comrade, a companion to share your joys and sorrows, your victories and defeats. Your idea of a companion is the doll type of woman—easy to look at, flattering to your vanity, but oh, so utterly useless, so good for nothing. The doll Katherine's beautiful red hair, her satin complexion and her figure which you would dress in the most expensive of clothing, to advertise your prosperity, but it would have none of the substantial characteristics of a real wife. A certain type of man, John, you are one of them, wants a doll to play with when you choose and to lay away in a bureau drawer while you go to play with another doll. And if your type of man happens to marry a girl with a mind and a heart he blames her if the marriage goes wrong."

"Oh, Alice, you make me tired. You are positively vulgar in your remarks." "Truth cuts," said Alice sententiously. Tomorrow—The Money Question.

Order the Main Thing

Order, according to the old saying, is heaven's first law.

But, in truth, all law, whether in heaven or earth, is no more nor less than order.

We speak of creative genius, but what is it but the knack of making things fit?

The inventor originates nothing, he brings things into right relations. The man who made the first steam engine did no more than bring vapor and metal together. He established order between two things that had before been of no kin.

The architect who put up the Woolworth building was a dancing master, who knew how to get stones and steel girders to group in due figures and poses.

Stones lie rough in quarries, trees grow in the tangled wild, copper and iron are scattered in ore veins and all the units of sand, glass, paint, plaster, tile and cement are here and there in confusion upon the earth; enter the human brain with its conception of order; from it flow disposing thoughts with volts of compelling will, and it is the housewife in order's dress, the trumpet call and had fallen in by companies of tens and hundreds, each with its captain, each keeping step, finding its place, moving in campaign by the plan upon the field marshal's table.

The poet is an expert in order, giving to airy nothings "a local habitation and a name," seizing the fugacious wisps of feeling, the flashing wings of passing fancy, the half-felt thoughts and dumb and covered strivings of the soul, and arranging them in rhythmic syllables.

God in nature through the myriad lives combines earths and liquids into energetic cells and thus produces organisms. What we call life is merely an orderly impulse imposed upon loose matter.

We ascend the steps of life by order; we descend to death by disorder. Education or culture is getting one's forces and ideas into some coherent plan. The uneducated man is the confused man. The trained mind is one where there is no litter; all is packed and pigeonholed; things are in their place.

Civilization is the progress of men

toward order.

The process of conscience is toward an ever more perfect, a wider order, until at last the race shall "find itself." Our notion of duty proceeds from self-defense to family pride, thence to tribal adherence, thence to patriotism or national feeling, and at last to humanity or the world consciousness.

All wars mean the struggle of man-kind toward that eventual order of the whole.

Competition merges at last into co-operation. Liberty is found to be impossible except under the reign of law. Humanity is growing from a condition of contending individuals, competing groups, warring nations, into a vast coordinated machine wherein every part shall nourish and minister to every other; even as the oak tree, by its divine and mysterious potency of life, takes the disorganized particles of the earth and raises them into one majestic trunk, with branches and leaves.

If order be heaven's first law, it is the last goal of earth.

FRANK CRANE.
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WE ascend the steps of life by order; we descend to death by disorder. Education or culture is getting one's forces and ideas into some coherent plan. The uneducated man is the confused man. The trained mind is one where there is no litter; all is packed and pigeonholed; things are in their place. Civilization is the progress of men

Legion to Aid Fund to Decorate Graves

To decorate graves of American heroes whose bodies were buried in foreign soil, a move to collect subscriptions from every American legion has been started, according to announcements from Franklin D'Olier, national commander.

Each post is expected to contribute not less than \$5, and as much more as may be deemed advisable. The contribution should be at the National headquarters by April 24, but can be mailed to American Legion organizations in France and England at a later date, the posts in these countries having consented to assist in this work.

The plan for decorating American graves on foreign soil was unanimously adopted at the Minneapolis convention of the American Legion.

The work of decorating the graves is voluntary and an effort to raise sufficient funds to decorate the grave of every American soldier or sailor in Europe is being made.

—ADV.

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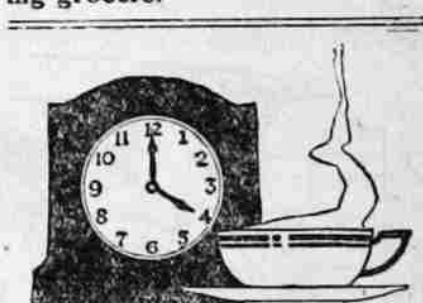
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The expression "good-bye" is a contraction of "God be with you," and is similar to the French adieu, which is "a dieu" (I commend you to God). The phrase "good-bye" is equivalent to farewell, and would be better written good-bye, as it is a corruption of "God be with you." (B. W. Y.)

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